

# Modest Mouse, Of Course We Know

The streets are just blankets and we sleep on their silky corpse  
Covered up by them, why would we ever want to wake up?  
No

Well, of course, of course, of course, of course  
Of course we just do not know

What in hell are we here for?  
We just do not know

Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down your own damn soul /3x

The end is like cotton that we wear wherever we go  
Covered up by this, why would we ever want to try on your clothes?

Well of course, of course, of course, of course  
Of course we just do not know

Well, Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down  
(Let down your guard)  
Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down your own damn soul  
Lord lay down, Lord lay down, Lord lay down your only son

Of course we know